

Jonathan Coulton

"Big Dick Farts a Polka"

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Now deep in Pennsylvania near where Route 180 ends
There's a humble house of brick and wood and glass
The tiny home of Rich Wojcinski, Big Dick to his friends
Who despite his name is famous for what issues from
his ass

Every Tuesday night at the Legion Hall
Bring a can of Glade and have a ball
Everybody loves when Big Dick farts a polka
Everyone who hears can't help but dance
Someone better get him a change of pants
Everybody loves when Big Dick farts a polka

Now Big Dick started dinner with some cabbage and
some greens
Some broccoli, a pair of turkey legs
Some jalapeño poppers and a tub of kidney beans
Several liters of cream soda and a dozen deviled eggs

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Bring a can of Glade and have a ball
Everybody loves when Big Dick farts a polka
Everyone who hears can't help but dance
Someone better get him a change of pants
Everybody loves when Big Dick farts a polka

They say that grown men cried the day that Big Dick
passed away
The ladies wailed, their shoulders sadly stooped
And though there were no instruments a band began to
play
And the air was filled with music and it smelled like
someone pooped

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